

Be My Smallville Valentine

by SuperMom

Category: Lois and Clark

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-12 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-12 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:39:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,341

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Lois and Clark spend their first Valentine's Day together -- in Smallville

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> <meta name="Generator"> I am sincerely grateful to Ann for her editing skills and input

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March 1, 2000

After a brisk walk to work, passing a multitude of red-heart-decorated storefronts, Clark Kent arrived at The Daily Planet. Humming to himself as he rode the elevator to the newsroom, Clark thought about what he and Lois might do to celebrate their first Valentine's Day together since they'd started dating. When the elevator doors opened, he scanned the room for Lois and found her at her usual spot in front of her computer, the phone cradled against one shoulder as she scratched madly on a notepad with a worn-down nub of a pencil.

"Bobby!!! I told youâ€¦you have to order the Peking duck in advance. The next time I have advance warning of an impending scandal at City Hall, you'll get the duck!" And with that she slammed the phone down and began deciphering the notes she'd made from her conversation with Bobby Bigmouth.

Making his usual circuitous route past the coffeepots and donut

boxes, Clark approached Lois's desk and offered her a steaming mug of coffee. Bending to give her a brief peck on the cheek, he leaned toward her ear and whispered, "Morning."

"Morning," she whispered back, beaming at him with that smile that never failed to melt his heart.

"Soâ€¦Bobby's still trying to get a Peking duck dinner out of you, huh?" he chuckled.

"Yes," she laughed back at him. "He never gives up! Where does he put all that food? If I ate like that I'd be competing with the Goodyear blimp as prime advertising space for the Super Bowl. Of course, YOU don't have to worry about that."

"Um hmm, I do seem to remember a comment from you when we first met: something about eating like an eight-year-old and looking like Mr. Hardbody," Clark responded.

"I know, I know," Lois replied sheepishly. "I also remember asking for your secret and you just stood there, looking like a deer caught in the headlights."

"Well, now you know *that* secret and all my other ones!" Clark grinned broadly and then sobered a bit. "Of course, after that little Freudian slip of yours when I opened the door wearing only a towel, I wasn't quite sure what to say. I AM a man after all, Lois!"

"Yes, you are, Clark. You most certainly are," she acknowledged, feeling the beginnings of a blush creep upward from her neck to her cheeks.

Suddenly remembering all the red hearts he'd observed earlier and deciding to just plunge right in while Lois was in a cheerful mood, Clark cleared his throat, nudged the corner of Lois's chair with the toe of his shoe, and stammered, "Uh, Lois, tomorrow is Valentine's Day, you know; and it's Saturday and I was wondering what you might like to do to celebrate."

"Ohâ€¦Clarkâ€¦I really hadn't thought about it," Lois lied. The truth was, she had thought about it. She'd thought a LOT about it. There had never been a Valentine's Day with a special someone in her lifeâ€¦and she wasn't sure just HOW to celebrate it. After all, Valentine's Day was not a very popular holiday in the Lane household when she was growing up. She turned back to her keyboard and began to type randomly, not really wanting to look Clark in the eyes again. "I suppose we could go to dinnerâ€¦or see that new Matt Damon movie...or we could do both...or we could just rent a movie and watch it at my place and order in pizzaâ€¦or of course we could do it at your place if you'dâ€¦" And with that Clark leaned in, firmly planting his lips on Lois's, a technique he had learned was a sure way to curb the Lane babbling mode that she had launched into. Lois gave in to the kiss, realizing what Clark was trying to accomplish. When their lips parted, she looked up at him apologetically.

"Sorry about the babbling," she began. "It's just that Valentine's Day was never something that we celebrated very much at our house. Mother was always drunk, Daddy was either building cyborgs or kissing Mrs. Bellcanto, and Lucy never came out of her room. Love and romance were never on my mind very much. I just wanted to get out of there

and be on my own." The forlorn look in her eyes saddened Clark so much that he instinctively reached out to take her hand in his and gave it a little squeeze. Her voice dropping lower, she continued, "I'll bet you had great Valentine's Days at your house. Your mom and dad are so wonderful."

Squeezing her hand once more, Clark responded, "Well, I'll just have to teach you how to celebrate Valentine's Day - the way Mom and Dad taught me." Seeing the hopeful look in Lois's eyes, he continued, "This is our first Valentine's together and it will be special. I promise." With that he leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "And you know that Superman always keeps a promise."

It was then that Clark noticed the tear running down Lois's cheek. He grabbed a tissue from the box on her desk and dabbed at it, then handed the tissue to her.

"Clark, I don't know what's happening to me, " Lois sniffled. "I never used to cry or worry about Valentine's or anything like that." Seeing the caring look in Clark's brown eyes, she immediately realized what was happening to her. Here was a man who cared for her more deeply than anyone ever had -- a man who would do anything for her. This was a man who loved her. And she knew in her heart that she loved him too.

"I have an idea about tomorrow," she offered.

"Great! What is it?" Clark asked. "We'll do anything you want."

"I hope you don't think this is crazy," Lois said hesitantly, "but let's go to Smallville and spend the day there." Noticing the puzzled look on Clark's face, she quickly continued, "You said you'd teach me how to celebrate Valentine's Day, and since you learned from your mom and dad, who better to spend the day with than the people who raised you to be such a wonderful man?"

Clark saw the sincerity in Lois's face and once again raised a little prayer of thankfulness for having this woman come into his life. "That's a great idea. Of course I'll need to check with Mom and make sure it's convenient with them."

"Just let me know," Lois said quietly. And with a quick peck on his cheek, she returned to her computer keyboard and her information from Bobby.

A phone call later, the plans for the visit to Smallville were confirmed. Martha was not at all surprised at Lois's suggestion. She'd seen the changes that had been taking place in this young woman's life since Clark had entered it. And Martha had also seen the changes in her boy once he had finally found Lois. For Martha knew deep down that these two were indeed soul mates. She had suggested that they fly out early in the morning, in time for a big country breakfast, and had mentioned to Clark that if he and Lois wanted, they could go to the Sweetheart's Ball at the Grange Hall with them. "Tell Lois to bring that dress she bought at the Corn Festival," Martha said. "That will be perfect."

After relaying to Lois the details of the discussion with his mother, Clark arranged to pick her up early the next morning for their "Superman Express" flight to Smallville. "Just remember to pack that

dress," he reminded once more with a smile.

"You really like that?" Lois asked.

"Umm hmmm," Clark hummed back at her with a glint in his eye. "It's great for dancing." He was particularly remembering the style of the dress, especially the low V cut of the neckline.

"Okayâ€¦if you say so." And with that, Lois returned to her work with a vengeance, knowing that she needed to finish early and get home to pack for the weekend trip to Smallville. Her mind raced with details of what she would pack: the dress of course, but not the boots (they were way too casual for a Sweetheart Ball), maybe some flats, jeans, turtlenecks, a coat â€¦something to sleep inâ€¦but what? She didn't want to take anything too sexy and have Martha and Jonathan get the wrong idea about their relationship. But if there was a chance that Clark would see her, she didn't want anything too homely either. "Ohâ€¦I'll figure something out," she thought to herself, knowing that she'd never even get to pack if she didn't finish her story.

On Saturday, just before sunrise, Clark arrived at Lois's apartment to pick up her luggage, which he quickly flew to Smallville and deposited on the Kents' porch along with his own bag. When he returned a few moments later, Lois was bundled up and ready for the "Superman Express" flight. She snuggled deep in Clark's arms as they sailed toward Kansas, burying her head in the curve of his shoulder and letting his aura keep her warm against the early-morning air. They landed on the porch and managed to sneak in one kiss before Jonathan opened the door and escorted them into the kitchen. Martha had a big country breakfast waiting and motioned the two of them toward the table. As she sat where Martha directed her, Lois noticed a large red envelope bearing her name leaning against a cup of steaming coffee. She opened it and found a beautiful card from Clark. It was decorated with hearts and flowers with an endearing verse printed inside. Underneath that were Clark's own feelings, penned in his neat handwriting. "Howâ€¦?" Lois began to ask.

"I flew it out late last night so it would be waiting for you."

"I have a card for you too," Lois quickly replied. "It's in my suitcase. Okay if I give it to you later?" Clark nodded his approval and all four began to attack the mound of food that Martha had prepared for them.

After finishing the hearty meal, Clark headed out to the barn with Jonathan to look at a new piece of equipment while Lois stayed in the kitchen to help Martha clean up.

"Thanks for letting us come. I know it was kinda short notice and everything. But when Clark asked me what I wanted to do for Valentine's Day, and I started thinking about the life he'd had here in Smallville, and how you and Jonathan had raised him to be such a wonderful man andâ€¦"

Martha immediately recognized the babble from Clark's descriptions and simply reached out and enveloped Lois in a big hug, stopping her in mid sentence. "No thanks are necessary, sweetie. We're always happy to have Clark come home for a visit. And since coming with you makes him happy, that makes us even happier."

Lois hugged her back and smiled at this remarkable woman. At that moment, Jonathan and Clark entered the back door, laughing at the latest joke that Jonathan had heard on the radio earlier in the morning.

Looking at Clark, Martha said, "Now that you're back, let's get your bags put away. Lois, you'll be sleeping in Clark's room; and Clark you will be on the couchâ€|that isâ€|unless you two areâ€|"

Lois and Clark looked at each other, smiled, and looked back at Martha and in unison said, "Noâ€|"

The remainder of the day was spent in leisure, with various combinations of pairings of the four adults. Lois was grateful to have time alone with both Martha and Jonathan. This helped her learn more, not only about what made Clark tick, but also helped her see inside herself. Since the Sweetheart Ball was to include a buffet, the usual Kent evening meal was dispensed with; instead, everyone began preparing for the evening's festivities.

As she unpacked the dress she would be wearing, Lois thought back to the day she had purchased it. She shook her head as she remembered her initial reaction to Perry's suggestion of her accompanying Clark on the EPA investigation in Smallville. "Nowheresville," was the way she had summarized Clark's hometown. But it had only taken a short while to discover that maybe there was something to small town living after all. And of course now that she knew Clark's secret, she viewed the whole incident from a different perspective. Slipping the soft cotton dress over her head, Lois remembered the day with Clark: dancing, eating caramel apples, and him winning a bear for her. Yes, Martha had been right - as usual - this dress was perfect for tonight. As Lois turned to get her shoes from the suitcase, she spotted the card she had purchased for Clark. She had agonized over the selection, not wanting anything too intimate, yet still wanting to convey her feelings. Knowing that Clark was dressing across the hall in his parents' room, Lois figured now was as good a time as any to give it to him and made her way across Clark's bedroom toward the door.

Unpacking his clothes for tonight's party, Clark remembered Lois's first visit to Smallville. "Nowheresville" was the word she had used to describe his hometown. Despite her being exposed to ritual crop worship, being mistaken for his girlfriend, and insulting his parents, Clark knew almost immediately that Lois had been drawn to the simplicity of small town living. And of course now that his secret was out, they both viewed the whole incident from a different perspective. Buttoning his shirt, Clark remembered seeing Lois walk across the park wearing that dress. "When in Smallville," she had commented with a grin. Even though the day had been marred by his first exposure to Kryptonite, the time with Lois had still been special -- dancing, eating caramel apples, and him winning a bear for her. Yes, his mom had been right - as usual - that dress was perfect for tonight. As Clark turned to take his shoes from his overnight bag, he heard a soft knock on the bedroom door.

Lowering his glasses, Clark looked through the door and saw that it was Lois and that she was clutching a large white envelope. He quickly put on his shoes and moved to the door. Opening the door, he gasped as he caught sight of her wearing "that" dress.

"What's wrong?" Lois asked worriedly. "Is my slip hanging out? Or is it these shoes?"

"Oh, no. Nothing's wrong," Clark quickly replied. "You lookâ€¦fantastic!" Moving closer to her and taking her in his arms, Clark breathed in the special fragrance of her - the cucumber bath gel and shampoo, the bare whisper of floral perfume, and that scent that was just Lois. He tilted her head back and lowered his lips to hers, kissing gently at first and then increasing the intensity when Lois showed no signs of resisting. His strong hands ran down her back and then clasped her waist, pulling her even closer as his tongue touched her lips and requested entrance to her mouth. With a soft moan, Lois parted her lips, letting Clark's tongue enter and then gave completely to his kiss - a kiss that made her toes curl. As Lois wrapped her arms around Clark's neck, the edge of the envelope she grasped scraped against him, and he jerked slightly.

"Whatâ€¦?" he asked, pulling slightly away from her.

"It's your card," she replied. "I came over to give you your Valentine card."

"And I let myself get carried away and spoiled it for you," Clark apologized.

Leaning in to plant another firm kiss on his lips, Lois whispered into his lips, "Oh, believe me; you didn't spoil a thing."

Clark took the card from her and read the endearments printed on it while Lois continued to plant kisses on his neck.

"Thank you," Clark murmured, dropping his head just a little so that his lips met Lois's in another soul-shattering kiss. He could hear her heartbeat quickening, feel her skin temperature rising, and sense her arousal. Knowing that his parents were waiting downstairs for them, Clark took a deep breath and drew apart from Lois.

"As much as I'd like to continue this," he said regretfully, "Mom and Dad ARE waiting downstairs for us."

Lois sighed, the regret obvious in her voice as well. "Yeahâ€¦we should get going."

The music was in full swing as the two couples arrived at the Smallville Grange Hall. The large room was festooned with streamers of red crepe paper, garlands of flowers, and hundreds of tiny candles which lent an air of romance to a room otherwise used for discussions of cattle breeding and the best fertilizers to use for corn. The band, which had been hired from Wichita, played music of all styles and from all eras. Lois and Clark quickly joined the large crowd on the dance floor and repeated their line dancing experience. When one of the Smallville locals expressed amazement at Lois's line dancing ability, she explained that she and a girlfriend had taken classes.

"She convinced me it was a great way to meet guys."

"Yeah?" asked the woman. "Did you meet any guys?"

"Define guys!!" Lois and Clark laughed out simultaneously.

The music style rotated from 50's rock and roll to 60's beach music to 70's disco, and as the evening wore on, the music slowed along with the pace of the event. Suddenly there was a pause in the music. The mayor of Smallville stepped up to the microphone and thanked the Grange members for the use of their facility, the Women's Club members for their hand in the decorations and food, and the band for the wonderful job they had done with the dance music.

Turning his back to the audience, the mayor beckoned to the bandleader and queried, "Do you guys know 'My Funny Valentine'?"

Indicating that they did, the bandleader whispered to the other musicians, and soon the slow strains of the ballad began to fill the hall. Clark gently placed one hand at Lois's back and took the hand she offered with his other. Lois smiled, raised her other arm to his shoulder, and leaned in toward his body. They swayed in tandem, and neither spoke at first. Clark wanted desperately to pull her closer and feel her warm body pressed against his. He raised his eyes and met hers. Lois caught her breath and looked shyly downward for a moment, before returning her gaze to his.

#My funny Valentine,

#Sweet comic Valentine,

#You make me smile with my heart.

Lois lay her head against Clark's chest and felt him sigh. The dialogue between them was wordless.

#Your looks are laughable,

#Unphotographable,

#Yet, you're my fav'rite work of art.

There were no words for the woman who made his heart race every time she looked in his direction; she could say nothing to the man who turned her knees to jelly when he held her in his arms.

#Is your figure less than Greek;

#Is your mouth a little weak,

#When you open it to speak,

#Are you smart?

His eyes closed, Clark focused on the feeling of her body pressed against him. He inhaled her special fragrance as he let his hand run patterns up and down her back. Lois shivered and closed her eyes, savoring this moment in his embrace.

#But don't change a hair for me,

#Not if you care for me,

#Stay little Valentine, stay!

Lois prayed that the song would never end. Did Clark know what his tender stroking on her back was doing to her?

Clark wished fervently that the song would continue forever. Did Lois know what the feel of her body pressing against his was doing to him?

#Each day is Valentine's day.

As the final lyric was sung, Lois and Clark each opened their eyes and looked at the other. They both felt the same myriad of emotions. Lois's eyes shone with pent up desire, and Clark thought they were more beautiful than he had ever seen them before. Her soft lips were parted. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and he moved closer against her. Clark felt her breath against his skin, and then her lips brushed tenderly against his. "God, â€¦incredible!" Clark's mouth fastened on hers. Lois responded with a soft moan. Hands were placed behind heads, each pulling the other gently forward into the intensifying kiss. Fingers ran through hair and emotions flared. Each realized that the song HAD ended, and that they were the center of attention in the Smallville Grange Hall.

Separating, they each began to speak. "Would you like something to drink?" they asked each other simultaneously. Realizing the importance of what had just happened, they smiled shyly at each other and made their way toward the beverage table. The remainder of the evening was spent in conversations with Clark's friends from high school and Smallville neighbors.

As the evening wore on, couple after couple left the dance and headed home until there were just a few of the older Smallville couples left (including Martha and Jonathan), along with Lois and Clark. Their pas de deux had not gone unnoticed by Martha, who pulled Clark aside and suggested, "Why don't you and Lois head on home? Your Dad and I need to stay here and help clean up. And you and Lois haven't had a moment to yourselves all day."

"Mom, we'll stay and helpâ€¦I don't want you and dad to have to do all the work. And Lois won't mind either."

Pulling her only child by the ear, Martha led Clark to a corner and said, "Clark Jerome Kentâ€¦do I have to repeat myself to you? You and Lois head on home now and spend a little time alone." Then she grinned at him and patted his cheek. Clark blushed at the realization of what his mother was trying to do, then turned to find Lois and tell her the plans. As he walked away from Martha, she whispered, knowing that he could hear her, and added, "Oh, and we'll be pretty late getting home too. The Harrises want us to come by their house on the way home. We won't be home for at least 3 or 4 hours." Clark turned back to look at his mother, and seeing her wink at him, blushed an even deeper shade of crimson.

The trip back to the Kent farmhouse was achieved in short order, again thanks to "Superman Express." Clark had chosen not to waste a single minute of his parents' absence. Once in the house, Clark made quick work of building a roaring fire and lighting several candles around the cozy den. With a swaggering gesture reminiscent of a swashbuckler of old, Clark moved toward Lois, swept her into his arms, and deposited them both on the sofa in front of the fire.

Snuggling into his embrace, Lois whispered, "Thank you for a wonderful Valentine's Day. It's the best one I've ever had. It was perfect. Noâ€|it was SUPER!"

"A super day for a super lady," Clark responded and lifted Lois's chin for another kiss. When the kiss was followed by a yawn, Clark realized that the day had been extremely long for Lois and suggested that they should both turn in for the evening. Clark scooped Lois into his arms, and together they headed for his bedroom where the extra sheets, blankets and pillows for the couch were stored. As Clark carried Lois across the threshold of the bedroom door, she spied a vase containing one dozen perfect red roses on the nightstand and a heart-shaped box of chocolates on the bed, resting against the pillow.

"Clarkâ€|they're beautiful," Lois said. "But you didn't have to do this too. The card you gave me this morning was so special, and the time with your folks was even more special. And I had so much fun at the dance with you."

"I know I didn't have to. But I wanted to. I wanted to show you that you are my special Valentine." The soft catch in Clark's voice led Lois to believe there was more than this, and her suspicions soon proved correct.

"Lois, I love you so much. I have loved you from the moment you stormed into Perry's office during my interview. Being with you completes me in ways I only dreamed of. You are everything to me. Pleasing you makes me happy."

"Be my Valentine, Clark. Make love to me. Love me tonight," Lois breathed into his ear.

Clark tenderly kissed her. "Lois, are you sure?"

"More sure than I've ever been about anything before."

Still cradling her in his arms, Clark kicked the door shut behind him and moved in the direction of the bed. He gently set her on her feet beside the bed and knew at that moment that he was taking on an awesome responsibility. She had hinted that her previous sexual experiences had not been at all pleasurable, and he of course had never actually crossed that intimacy threshold. He turned his head, gazed around the room, and lit several candles positioned around the room.

Clark led Lois to the bed, and then sat down on the edge beside her, leaning over to kiss her again. She had her eyes closed and sat still, waiting forâ€|â€|..Lois had no idea what she was waiting for. Only recently had she learned that Clark was a "very patient man," and ever since she had deeply regretted the sexual encounters she had earlier in her life. As she waited in the stillness, Lois felt Clark reach toward her and slowly begin to trace the neckline of her dress. Beginning at the left shoulder, he ran his finger down one side of the deep V, and then back up the other side. She stiffened a little, but did not protest. Running his fingers to the back of the neckline, Clark searched for a zipper or buttons, but finding none, groaned in frustration.

"What's wrong?" Lois inquired.

"I know I'm not very experiencedâ€|but how in the world do you get this thing off?"

Lois chuckled and stood up, pulling him with her, and said, "Come here, Farmboy, and let me give you a lesson in removing Kansas Corn Festival dresses!" She instructed him to pull the garment up over her head and raised both arms to facilitate this maneuver. The dress soon lay in a pile in the corner.

"Now, how about the rest of this?" he asked, indicating her slip, bra, panties, hose and shoes.

The shoes were immediately kicked off. Raising one leg and propping it on the edge of the bed, Lois inched the hem of her slip up to reveal the top of one thigh-high stocking and began showing Clark how to roll it down her leg. He caught on quickly and soon moved to the stocking on the other leg.

"Does the slip come off like the dress?" he asked innocently.

"You can do it that way, or just slide the straps off my shoulders," Lois instructed.

Clark did precisely that, and the slip soon slithered to the floor, puddling at her feet. Leaving her bra and panties on, he laid her on the bed carefully. She was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen, and tonight she belonged to him. Clark toed off his shoes, and as Lois gazed dreamily, he removed his shirt, trousers, and socks, tossing them to join the pile of Lois's garments. Lying down beside her on the soft bed, he gathered her into his arms. He pulled her to him, keeping her back against his front - an unthreatening and non-confrontational position -- letting her get used to the feel of flesh on flesh before he kissed her. His kiss was tentative, but Lois reacted with such ferocity that soon they were rolling from side to side on the bed he had slept in as a child. Clark caressed her back and arms, and Lois responded by moving her hands in circles on his chest.

After another deep kiss, Clark garnered the courage to take the next step in removing Lois's remaining clothing. He reached behind her, and with only a little difficulty, undid the clasp on her bra. She tightened up in his arms, but he lifted his head to look into her eyes and smiled at her. He then proceeded to slide first one strap and then the next off her shoulders, finally pulling the gossamer garment completely off. Taking her once more into his arms, he felt her shudder as she felt their naked flesh press together. Clark wondered if Lois would think him unromantic for reciting the periodic table of elements backwards in Mandarin Chinese in his head as he continued his seduction of her. But he knew that unless he maintained some modicum of self-control, the evening would be over far too soon. Clark continued his seducement, caressing and kissing Lois until she began to relax in his arms. Feeling bold, he ran one finger down her collarbone and continued downward.

"Lois," he asked softly, "am I going too fast? Do you want me to stop?"

"No," she told him. "Please don't stop. Love me Clark. And tell me what to do to love you too," she begged.

"Just follow your heart, Lois," Clark encouraged her. "You'll know what to do." She reached up to cup his face between her hands and pulled it closer to hers. She kissed his eyelids, his nose, down his jaw, underneath his chin, and finally settled on his full lips. As the kiss intensified, Lois heard Clark groan.

"Clark," she asked anxiously, "are you all right? Do you want me to stop?"

"Yes! No! I'm all right. It feels wonderful. Please don't stop. Love me, Lois," he gasped. "Tell me how to love you too."

"Just follow your heart, Clark." Lois murmured, repeating his words from just moments before.

Lying down, Clark began to increase both the range and intensity of his tender stroking. He ran his hands up and down her back. He kissed from her lips, down her neck, and around to that sensitive spot behind her ear. Lois joined in, tracing her fingers down his back, and then up his sides, rejoicing in the feel of each defined muscle.

"Mmmmmmm" she groaned as they fell into the depths of sensations that neither of them had ever felt before.

"Good" Clark whispered in her ear.

Afterward, as his breathing slowed and his muscles began to relax, Clark sank more deeply into the bed - and onto Lois. In response to her slight squirming, Clark raised up onto one elbow and gazed into the face of the woman to whom he had surrendered his virginity.

Noticing the distant look on Clark's face, Lois smiled warmly and asked, "Penny for your thoughts?"

"I am looking at the most exquisitely beautiful woman in the world. And I've just made love to her. She is arousing, sensuous, erotic, enticing, luscious, alluring, desirable, passionate, ravishing..." Clark continued, punctuating each accolade with a tiny kiss. "I love you, Lois Lane."

"And I love you, Clark Kent."

"Lois, I am so glad, no, glad isn't the right word, I am so thankful that I waited, that you were my first lover."

"Oh Clark, I just wish"

Clark covered Lois's mouth with his fingers and shook his head. "No regrets, Sweetheart, no regrets."

As she lay in the afterglow, cradled in Clark's strong arms, Lois whispered to him, "Thank you for loving me." Blushing a little, she added, "And thank you too for thinking about precautions."

"You're welcome, sweetheart. I didn't want to take any chances. We

don't want any babies."

"Ohhhhhh no!! No babies!!" Lois drew back from him.

"At least not now," he whispered as he grinned and blushed.

This remark took Lois completely by surprise. Clark knew of her disastrous childhood and her less-than-pleasant experiences with other people's children, and she was amazed that he would have made the statement.

"You'd want to have babies? With me?" she asked incredulously.

"Sureâ€¦lots of them." He closed his eyes, chuckled softly and smiled, a vision of what he hoped was the future building in his imagination.

"Whatâ€¦?" asked Lois, knowing from his look that there was something on his mind.

"I'm just envisioning you â€¦pregnantâ€¦with a big bellyâ€¦"

The Lane defenses immediately went up, and Lois recoiled a little, shooting back at him, "Are you making fun of me?"

"Ohâ€¦. No, sweetheart," he assured her as he hugged her closer. "I'm imagining one of the most important things in the world to me - my baby -- our baby growing inside of you. You knowâ€¦all I've ever wanted was to fit inâ€¦meet someone specialâ€¦have a family. Of course, first we'd have to get married."

"Yeahâ€¦marriedâ€¦that usually makes it better for the kid's sake," said Lois.

"And, of course, I haven't asked you to marry me," said Clark cautiously.

"Noooooooo, you haven't," Lois replied softly, looking away from Clark.

"And I'm not going to, either," said Clark.

Lois's face droppedâ€¦she felt her heart stop beating momentarilyâ€¦she had hoped that maybeâ€¦.

"I wouldn't ask you here, like this," explained Clark. "You are the love of my life, Loisâ€¦the woman I've searched for foreverâ€¦and you deserve much better than a post-coital proposal."

Lois looked at this tender man and she began to cry. Never had she known a man with such a kind spirit and pure heart. Brushing the tears away, Clark soothed her with a gentle caress.

"You know you are the love of my life too, Clark. I'm sorry to get so emotional here, but you don't know how different you are from the other men I've known." Remembering her narratives about Paul from college and Claude from the Planet, and shuddering at the thought of Lex, Clark kissed away the tears.

"You can forget the others, Lois, " he assured her. "They are the past, and this is now." Clark suddenly squirmed. "Honeyâ€¦I, uhâ€¦need to use the uhâ€¦" he said as he motioned with one hand toward the bathroom door.

"Yeahâ€¦sure," Lois replied.

"Don't go away. I'll be back faster than a speeding bullet!"

With that, he pulled away from Lois and padded to the bathroom. Clark hummed to himself as he turned on the light and closed the door.

Listening to his humming and remembering the events of the entire day, Lois lay back into the soft bedding, and pulled the blanket around her against the chill in the February night air. She reached down involuntarily and began to rub her stomach.

"Babiesâ€¦" she thought to herself. At that moment the bathroom door opened and she looked up to see Clark standing in the doorway, his strong, naked body silhouetted in the light. Throwing back one side of the blanket, she patted the sheets and crooned, "Come back to bed, Farmboyâ€¦"

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End
file.